

CARLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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NO. 49.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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D. A. P. BROWN & E. C. LEONARD,
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Furniture, Carpets, and all kinds of Goods.
Also, a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting
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CAN BE FOUND AT J. E. DWINELL'S SHOP
a good stock of Furniture of all kinds: also a
large stock of Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, &c.,
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Machines, and all kinds of Goods.

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Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Burlington,
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Machines, and all kinds of Goods.

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On the Track Again
With a "Bran
New" lot of
Latest Improved,
Fully War-
ranted, First Class
Sewing Machines.

Consisting in part of the following:—
FLORENCE,
WEED,
DOMESTIC,
"HOME SHUTTLE,"
WILLCOX & GIBBS.

Also, many kinds of Sewing Machines, and all
kinds of Sewing Machine Supplies, such as
needles, threads, &c., &c.
At and on HONOR MONDAYS.
J. J. HILL,
Burlington, June 8, 1876.

FOR 15 CENTS
I will print 500 Visiting Cards, Plain Bristol or Assorted
Colors, and send post-paid to any part of the United
States or Canada. Address, J. J. Hill, Burlington, Vt.

Fire, Fire, Fire!
Burned Out, but All
Right Again!
IN AUSTIN'S NEW BLOCK.

I am again prepared to furnish the citizens of all
Northern Vermont with a new, better and more
complete assortment of
FURNITURE

in the South of St. Johnsbury. I have reduced
my prices to correspond with the hard times, and to
give an examination of goods and prices. My stock
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PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, Chairs,
HAT STANDS, BUREAUS, EXTENSION
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CARPETING!
An excellent stock—on Old Cloth to Brussels,
Broad Brills and all the latest styles. All cloths from 20
to 50 cents per yard.

WINDOW SHADE CURTAINS
and various styles. Pictures and Picture Frames.
The celebrated
ORDWAY SPRING CHAIRS!
SPRING BEDS—a splendid spring bed for only FIVE
DOLLARS. Also, a large stock of all kinds of
beds, mattresses, pillows, &c., &c.

A LARGE STOCK OF LOCKHART'S
COFFINS AND CASKETS!
With a variety of undertaker's goods. Coffins trimmed
and re-lined at shortest notice.
C. H. GREEN,
Burlington, Nov. 12.

GOING OUT IN THE COLD.

Raise me up in my bed, with
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it seems to me that I am in a boat
The earth is not so cold as this.

Open the little window, with
Then come and see my side;
We'll wait for God's sweet food-water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor bar, with
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?

I know that he is not dead,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, with
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, with
We'll wait for God's sweet food-water,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, with
In yonder yew-leaved grave.

Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby bed,
And the thrush sits chanting forth
In yonder tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill run through our hearts, with
But a darker grief will be yours, with
When you are left in the cold alone;
And a few more words of the tide,
Then God's sweet food shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The red sun is low in the west, with
And the tide runs down with the sun;
We'll wait for God's sweet food-water,
For sweetly our lives have run.

Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gaze in the days of yore;
We'll wait for God's sweet food-water,
When we meet on the far shore!

WISHING.
OF ALL the amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you find
So very cheap as "wishing."

A very choice diversion too,
If we but rightly use it;
For it costs nothing to wish;
And that is just the point.

I wish—a very common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fuller,
That I might cheer the child of need
And not my pride to flatter.

I wish that I might see the world,
And only go to make it better;
And break the tyrant's rod of steel
As only gold can break it.

I wish—with sympathy and love
And every human passion
That has its origin above
Would come and keep its station.

I wish that I might see the world,
And only go to make it better;
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Miss Wing's Thanksgiving.

Miss Wing's kitchen was prim and
clean as broom, soap and soft water
could make it; and Miss Wing sat in it,
rigid and warlike, before the blackest of
stoves, her feet planted firmly on a
square of rag carpet.

There was never an atom of dust, or
even a skimmer or tin spoon out of place
in that kitchen; for in all the wide
world, there was no one or thing that
dared to enter without special permis-
sion.

Excepting a few stray sunbeams—and
even they crept in and shimmered on the
geraniums in the window as if they
hardly dared.

It was Thanksgiving eve, and the
faint odor of cranberry tarts and pump-
kin pies crept out from the pantry, and
gave a sort of festive fragrance to the
room, which might have led a stranger
to believe that Miss Wing intended to
celebrate, and had been preparing for
guests. It would have been difficult for
her to tell you for whom, however, as
all her nearest relations lay up on the
hill-side, and driven by her own stern
will, "lovers and friends had departed
far from her."

The only person living who was at all
connected with her, was a poor country
minister, with a John Rogers sort of a
family, whose life was a constant strug-
gle to cover the bodies and satisfy the
hunger of the ten heathen, growing chil-
dren.

We cannot wonder that he sometimes
thought of Cousin Selina's age and nice
little fortune that "would go to some
one."

Neither can we wonder that in a fit
of desperation he wrote and asked her
to take his eldest daughter for the win-
ter.

"Let the girl come," said Miss Wing.
"I'll make her useful."

So useful, indeed, that Milly Thorne
never went to bed at night without see-
ing ropes of dried apples that she had
strung, and acres of tallow candles she
had dipped, swimming before her tired
eyes.

But all things have an end, and pa-
tient little Milly Thorne, worn out with
hard work, and despairing of ever find-
ing in Miss Wing that proverbial soft
spot which is in every one's heart, pack-
ed her little satchel and went back over
the hills to the crowded house, the tired
mother, and the many children, where
there was dearth of everything but love.

So Miss Wing threw away a golden
opportunity of crowning her old age
with love and happiness.

I think it must have been from force
of habit that she had cooked her most
golden pumpkin and stuffed her fattest
pullet for a solitary Thanksgiving feast.

For it was very certain she would
be no one to share it with her, and still
more certain that no one would come
unbidden.

For she set her face like a flint against
visits from grown-up people, and with
every child in the village she was at
open war.

The meeker ones among them would
run if they saw her coming, and not
even the bravest dare ask her for a flower,
while the lawless and ungoverned
ones invented ways to torment her.

One little colored boy, especially,
whom the children called Caterpillar,
was the plague of her existence.

His chief amusement was to perch
himself upon her white gate post, his
rags fluttering in the wind, the battered
crown of an old straw hat clinging to
his woolly head; and, playing an imagi-
nary banjo, sing to an admiring dusky
audience collected on the sidewalk:

"Ten little dimes stand in a line."
At first Miss Wing affected a calm
indifference which she was far from feel-
ing.

But when it grew to be a regular en-
tertainment it was more than she could
endure. So one day, when Caterpillar
had just commenced his second stanza—
"Nine little dimes sitting on a gate,
One of 'em tumbled off an' was just right—"
she made an unexpected assault upon
him with a broomstick, tumbled him
over on the sidewalk and summarily dis-
persed his audience.

Nothing daunted, however, Caterpil-
lar picked himself up, shook the hostile
dust from his garments, and, retreating
to a distance, sang:

Oh, Miss Wing,
Cry like a thing,
Crack your teeth the night, boys,
Just one winter long.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning.

Miss Wing arose from her couch, pre-
pared her solitary breakfast, then called
the cat to get hers.

For the first time in eight years Tab-
by failed to answer.

She opened the wood-house door in
fear and trembling.

There, suspended from a beam by one
of Miss Wing's own apron-strings was
poor Tabby, stone-dead.

Pinned in the string was a dirty scrap
of paper, on which was written:
CATERPILLAR'S COMPLIMENTS.

For the first time in many years Miss
Wing sat down in a low chair, threw
her apron over her head, and wept.

Willingly now would she have held
out the white flag if it would only bring
back poor puss.

Strange to say, from that very day
there was a cessation of hostilities.

Whether it was because they were ex-
hausted and needed rest to think of
something new, or whether there was
really nothing left for them to do, Miss
Wing could not tell.

As days passed on and no fresh mis-
chief was done, she gradually gave up
looking for it, and possessed her soul in
quietness.

And now, as she sat grim and soli-
tary by her kitchen fire, except for a vague
feeling of bitterness as she looked at
Tabby's empty corner, she had almost
forgotten Caterpillar.

It was quite a shock to her nerves,
therefore, when her door-bell was rung
with a violent jerk.

"That imp is at his mischief again,"
she exclaimed.

The ring was repeated, but she paid
no attention to it; and finally a shuf-
fling, irresolute step was heard on the
side step, followed by a knock on the
kitchen door.

"Come in," said Miss Wing, in a
most uninviting manner.

The door was opened slowly, and a
colored man appeared.

"Is you Miss Wing?" he asked.

"I be,"

"There's a poor little nig up in the
settlement, say he want to see you.
Folks calls him Caterpillar. Don't you
know he name?"

"What does the little scamp want of
me?"

"He mos' gone, Miss. He done got
callopin' consumpshun."
"Folks he hadn't galloped off some-
where before he killed my cat. I'd like
to trounce him," said she.

"Nebber any more," he said; "got past dat."

There was a tugging at Miss Selina's
rusty old heart-strings, and a suspicious
moisture about her spectacles; so, to
hide these unaccustomed emotions, she
turned fiercely to the mother and de-
manded:

"Haint you got no better bed nor pil-
low for that sick child?"

The woman began a long story which
Miss Wing cut short by marching out of
the door.

"There, she's mad!" exclaimed she.
"Nebber mind, mammy," sighed Cater-
pillar, turning wearily on his pillow.
"I feels better."

But Miss Wing was far from being
angry as she hurried down the street,
and so Caterpillar's mother soon discov-
ered, as the door opened again, and a
man carrying a soft single bed entered,
closely followed by Miss Wing, herself
heavily laden.

"Sit down and take that child in your
lap," said she, in a peremptory manner.
The woman meekly obeyed, and seated
herself with the wondering boy in her
arms.

"I don't think Milly Thorne would
have believed her eyes if she could have
seen her cousin Selina then."

She flew around the room with mar-
velous celerity, beating up the bed,
spreading over lavender-scented sheets
and soft blankets, and finishing off with
a plump pillow, and a white spread
quilted by her own hands.

Caterpillar's delight was unbounded
when, after being clad in a flannel night-
gown, he was placed in the soft, fragrant
bed.

"Like oranges, bub?" asked Miss
Wing, as she plunged her hand in her
pocket.

Now Caterpillar and oranges had long
been strangers, so his eyes glistened
with pleasure when a huge yellow one
dropped on his bed.

"May as well have this, too; taint no
use to me," said she, tossing a tinted
picture card on the bed. Then, turning
to the mother, she said:

"Them sheets and things is to make
the child comfortable as long as he lives.
You'll find good vittles in that basket."

And out she bounced, leaving Caterpil-
lar and his mother in a confused state
of gratitude and bewilderment.

The Angel of Mercy had touched
Miss Wing's story heart, and brought her
the infinite pleasure of giving. And as
some streams, when released from the
icy fetters that have bound them, rush
with terrific force, overwhelming and
submerging, so Miss Wing, suddenly set
free from life long bondage, yearned to
do more for some one else.

So she sent a telegram early next
morning, which she dropped like a bomb-
shell into the little parsonage at Hope-
well:

"Bring all the children to dinner: I
will pay the expenses."

There had been a great deal of com-
motion in that little house before, but
never anything equal to that which fol-
lowed the receipt of this telegram.

Milly's heart misgave her as she
washed faces and tied on boots and tip-
pets, for she felt that nothing less than
a miracle could change Cousin Selina.

But after a grand sleigh-ride they
found her ready to receive them, dressed
in her best black silk and snowy apron,
the grim look in her face very much
softened.

The little Thornes had never in their
lives eaten such a dinner as she had
ready for them.

TYPHOID FEVER.

Prof. Loomis—who is considered to
be competent authority on the subject—
delivered a lecture at the University
of the city of New York, recently, upon
Typhoid Fever. He gave many facts
which will be of practical benefit to all.

This fever is the prevailing sickness in
this region, although modified by local-
ity, individual peculiarities and tempera-
ments. In its severe forms, it is justly
dreaded.

The onset of typhoid fever is some-
times sharp, and at times it assumes a
mild form and the patient only needs a
wise and careful nurse who will attend
strictly to cleanliness, ventilation of the
room and to regular and proper food.

But—Prof. Loomis asks—what is
the cause of typhoid fever? A disease
like this, which attacks only certain or-
gans, in a very uniform manner, runs a
regular and self limited course and is so
decided in all its symptoms, must have
a poison peculiar to itself like small-pox,
measles, yellow-fever and cholera.

We have learned in regard to all of
them that they cannot be cured or cut
short, but can be alleviated or altogether
avoided, by shunning their poison
and by the use of proper and effectual
preventive measures.

The typhoid poison is largely center-
ed in the excrements of the patient, and
fifth of all kinds, which lies about many
houses, with sewer gases, will not pro-
duce the fever, but afford a fruitful
soil to receive and hold the germs of
this disease. By adding to the cellar
and drain filth a little of this typhoid
poison we have fertile soil for its ready
propagation.

From the water we drink, contamina-
ted too often with poison from near
privy vaults, comes, very largely, ma-
lignant typhoid fever. An epidemic of
this fever, which runs a fatal course in a
neighborhood for more than two years,
was tracked directly back to a single
patient whose fatal evacuations had
poisoned a well several feet distant from
the vault. In some villages privies are
allowed to stand over the water of a
running stream, which—besides being
an offense to the sight—poison the wa-
ter that is always used to a great extent
by families living near, and below.

This is also a fruitful source of the
typhoid fever.

Wet, or damp cellars, and decaying
masses of garbage hold and propagate
this fever. No wonder, then, that this
poison crops out now and then, and
lifts its horrid head to afflict and terrify
our families.

How, then, can we destroy this death
bearing influence, as care and prudence,
much helped by science, have controlled
yellow-fever and cholera?

1st. The excrements of typhoid pa-
tients should be taken to a safe distance
and buried in the ground.

2d. No decaying garbage should re-
main in your cellar or anywhere on the
premises.

3d. Your well should be made so far
from your family vault, and your neigh-
bors that it shall not, by any possibi-
lity, be poisoned.

4th. All sewers should be effectually
guarded against leakage.

The occasional cases of typhoid fever
occurring in large schools have been
traced to one or the other of the sources
named above. An epidemic fever will
sweep through a school, or through a
village, its source or causes are not vis-
ible, and it is called, very likely, an
"awful and mysterious dispensation of
Providence." In all probability the
cause is in the well, where the old fa-
ble declared that all truth lay hidden.

A thorough course of disinfectants
and the digging of a new well will work
apparent miracles. In any one of our
readers has a fetid "alop hole" or old
vault, and if an odor of rotten wood or
garbage is perceptible, he has a richly
charged mine of typhoid fever. If his
fearful power is not immediately mani-
fested, it is there, nevertheless, and will
evolve its poison when the favorable
moment comes, and a stricken household
shall be the fearful result.

Term was over, the coach was full of
young Oxonians returning to their re-
spective colleges; the morning was cold,
wet and miserable, when a well-appointed
"drag" drove up to the "White
House Cellar," Fiddly. "Have you
room inside?" asked as pretty a girl as
you would wish to see on a summer's
day. "What a beauty!" exclaimed one.
"Quite lovely!" said another.

"Perfectly!" lisped a third. "Quite
full, Miss, inside and out," replied the
coachman. "Surely, you can make
room for one," persevered the fair one.
"Quite impossible, without the young
gentlemen's consent." "Lots of room,"
cried the inside; "we are not very
large; we can manage to take one more."

"If the gentlemen consent," replied the
driver. "I can have no objection."
"We agree," said the inside quartet.
"All right," responded the coachman.
The fare was paid, and the guard pro-
ceeded to open the door, and let down
the steps. "Now, Miss, if you please;
we are behind our time," said the coach-
man. "Come along, grand-father,"
cried the damsel, addressing a most re-

pebble looking, portly, elderly man;

"the money is paid, get in, and be sure
you thank the young gentlemen." At the
same time suiting the action to the
word, and, with a smile, assisting her
respected grandfather into the coach.

"Sorry to inconvenience you," replied the
old gentleman; "I hope you won't ob-
ject to having both windows up, I'm sadly
troubled with a cough." At this mo-
ment, "All right, sit fast!" was heard;
and the "Defiance" rattled away, best
pace, drowning the voice of the astonish-
ed Oxonians.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Denver, a territory's length south of
the Kansas Pacific railway, says a *World*
correspondent, is now a city of twenty
odd thousand inhabitants. It sits on the
south fork of the Platte river, twelve
miles east from the Rocky mountain
range, and views, through the clear at-
mosphere of that region, a mountain
panorama extending from north to south
one hundred miles. It looks like para-
dise to the traveler, from the Missouri
across the desolate plains; for its streets
and suburbs are shaded by trees whose
roots, like those in Salt Lake City, are
nourished by constant irrigation. In
the olden time, just after its settlement,
it had been but a few shabbed restaur-
ants. That was when Missouri and
Kansas had their historical "border war,"
and when Missourians and Kansans,
journeying across the plains westward in
search of gold in the mountains, used to
meet anywhere with ferocity.

One morning a Kansas gentleman,
having arrived in Denver the previous
night, sat breakfasting from a greasy
plate upon a dowdy tablecloth which
covered a pine table in a pine saloon.

While he relished his ham another gen-
tleman entered the doorway. He wore
high boots outside his trousers, and into
one boot leg a knife was thrust. He was
"heeled" with revolving six-shooters,
one on each hip. Sunburnt to that ex-
tent that his nose was peeling, unshaven
and unkempt, he advanced and accosted
the Kansas thus:

"A. ha! You're one o' them Kansas
sneaks, are you? I reckon I'll take a
shot at you!"

But, before he could shoot, the Kansas
person had his pistol out of his leathern
socket and begun blazing away. The
assailant escaped the door unharmed and
returned, while our Kansas friend was
picking the fat out of his own nose with a
bowie knife. Exposing half his face
and a deprecatory hand through the
doorway, he said:

"I beg your parding, stranger, but
really I didn't know you was on the
shoot!"

"All right," said the Kansan. "Come
in and have a bind."

And so the two became amiable.
There used to be a little old tavern
half way between Denver and the moun-
tains. One November afternoon two
or three sleepy loafers, roasting their toes
at the stove therein, were aroused by a
mountain bravo, who, coming in, cocked
his pistols and began firing between their
heads at the surrounding walls. While
the mountaineer was engaged in this
sport a six ox team stopped at the door,
and the "bullwhacker" (driver) attached
to it entered, walked up to the bar and
called for liquor. As he raised the glass
toward his lips it was shattered by the
last shot from the mountain man's pistol.
Not even looking aside, the guest drop-
ped the pieces and said to the barkeeper:
"Give me another glass."

Then, suddenly grasping his pistol
from his right holster, he turned and
shot his assailant dead. Viewing his
body after he had taken his refreshment
he remarked:

"That fool might have hurt somebody
pretty soon, mightn't he?"

And was off with his team and "Woe,
haw, houp!" that you may hear when
ever you approach a wagon train on
these remote, impressive plains.